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REFLECTIONS ON THE HARMONY OF SENSIBILITY AND REASON.

SINCERITY.

A LITTLE judgment, with less sensibility, makes a man cunning; a little more feeling, with even less reason, would make him sincere.

Some have no more knowledge of humanity, than just serves them to put on an appearance of it, to answer their own base and selfish purposes.

He who prefers cunning to sincerity, is insensible to the disgrace and suspicion which attend craft and deceit, and the social satisfaction which the generous mind finds in honesty and plain-dealing.

Men who know not the pleasures of sincerity, and who traffic in deceit, barter an image of kindness for a shadow of joy, and are deceived more than they deceive.

PASSION.

LET us suppose an end of Passion, there must be an end of reasoning. Passion alone can correct Passion. Thus we forego a present pleasure, in hopes that we shall afterwards enjoy a greater pleasure, or of longer duration: or suffer a present pain, to escape a greater; and this is called an act of the judgment. He who gives way to the dictates of present passion, without consulting experience, listens to a partial evidence, and must of course determine wrongfully.

Some, in order to pay a false compliment to sentimental pleasures, attempt altogether to depreciate the pleasures of sense: with as little justice, though with like plausibility, have men endeavoured to decry the natural passions and affections as inconsistent with human felicity. Not from our natural desires and passions do we suffer misery; for, without these, what pleasure can we be supposed to enjoy? But from false desires, or diseased appetites, acting without the aid of experience and understanding.

He who commits an action which debases him in his own mind, besides its other evil consequences, lays up a

store of future misery, which will haunt him as long as the memory of the deed remains.

Along with the present effects of any action, in order to judge of it aright, we must put in the balance also its future consequences, and consider, on one side, the satisfaction and honour; on the other, the evil and disgrace that may attend it.

Magnanimity exercises itself in contempt of labours and pains, in order to avoid greater pains, or overtake greater pleasures.

TEMPERANCE.

THE great rule of sensual pleasures is to use them so as they may not destroy themselves, or be divorced from the pleasures of sentiment; but rather as they are assisted by, and mutually assisting to, the more refined and exalted sympathy of rational enjoyment.

Men ever refine the meaning of the word pleasure to what pleases themselves: gluttons imagine, that by pleasure is meant gluttony. The only true epicures are such as enjoy the pleasures of temperance. Small pleasures seem great to such as know no greater. The virtuous man is he who has sense enough to enjoy the greatest pleasure.

Superfluity and parade among the vulgar-rich pass for elegance and greatness. To the man of true taste, temperance is luxury, and simplicity grandeur.

Whatever pleasures are immediately derived from the senses, persons of fine internal feelings enjoy besides their other pleasures; while such as place their chief happiness in the former, can have no true taste for the delicious sensations of the soul.

They who divide profit and honesty, mistake the nature of the one or the other. We must make a difference between appearances and truths: the really profitable and the good are the same.

False appearances of profit are the greatest enemies to true interest. Future sorrows present themselves in the disguise of present pleasures, and short-sighted folly eagerly embraces the deceit.

INTERESTING HISTORY OF
THE BARON DE LOVZINSKI.

With a relation of the most remarkable occurrences in the life of the celebrated COUNT PULASKI, well known as the champion of American Liberty, and who bravely fell in its defence before Savannah, 1779. *Interpersed with Anecdotes of the late unfortunate KING of POLAND, so recently dethroned.*

(Continued from page 115)

WE soon arrived at the ditch of the castle; the servants of Dourlinski demanded who we were; I answered that we were come from Pulaski, and wished to speak to their lord, and that we had been attacked by robbers, who were still in pursuit of us. The drawbridge was accordingly let down; and having entered, we were informed that at present we could not see Dourlinski, but that on the next day at ten o'clock he would give us audience. They then demanded our arms, which we delivered up without any difficulty, and Boleslas soon after took an opportunity of looking at my wound, which was found to be but superficial.

In a short time a frugal repast was served up for us in the kitchen. We were afterwards conducted to a lower chamber, where two beds were prepared for us. The domestics then left us without any light, and immediately locked the door of the apartment.

I could not close my eyes during the whole night, Tittikan had given me but a slight wound, but that which my heart had received was so very deep! At day break, I became impatient in my prison, and wished to open the shutters, but they were nailed up. I attacked them, however, so vigorously, that the fastenings gave way, and I beheld a very fine park. The window being low, I cleared it at a leap, and in a single instant found myself in the gardens of the Polish chieftain.

After having walked about for a few minutes, I sat down on a stone bench, which was placed at the foot of a tower, whose ancient architecture I had been some time considering. I remained for a few seconds enveloped in reflection, when a tile fell at my feet. I thought that it had dropped from the roof of this old building; and, to avoid the effects of a similar accident, I went and placed myself at the other end of the seat. A few moments after, a second tile fell by my side. The circumstance appeared surprising: I arose with some degree of inquietude, and attentively examined the tower. I perceived at about twenty-five or thirty feet from the ground, a narrow opening. On this I picked up the tiles which had been thrown at me, and on the first I discovered the following words, written with a bit of plaster:

"LOVZINSKI, IS IT YOU! DO YOU STILL LIVE!"

And on the second these:

"DELIVER ME! SAVE LODOISKA."

It is impossible to conceive how many different sentiments occupied my mind at one and the same time: my astonishment, my joy, my grief, my embarrassment, cannot be expressed. I examined

once more the prison of Lodoiska, and plotted in my own mind how I could procure her liberty. She at length threw down another tile, and I read as follows:

"At midnight, bring me paper, ink, and pens; and to-morrow, an hour after sun-rise, come and receive a letter.———Begone."———

Having returned towards my chamber, I called to Boleslas, who assisted me in re-entering through the window. I then informed my faithful servant, of the unexpected accident that had put an end to my wanderings, and redoubled my inquietude.

How could I penetrate into this tower? How could we procure arms? By what means were we to deliver Lodoiska from captivity! How could we carry her off under the eye of Dourlinski, in the midst of his people, from a fortified castle? and supposing that so many obstacles were not unsurmountable, could I attempt such an enterprize during the short delay prescribed by Tittikan?

Did not the Tartar enjoin me to stay with Dourlinski three days, but not to remain longer than eight?

Would it not be to expose ourselves to the attacks of the enemy, to leave this castle before the third, or after the expiration of the eighth day? Should I release my dear Lodoiska from a prison, on purpose to deliver her into the hands of robbers, to be forever separated from her either by slavery or death? This would be a horrible idea!

But wherefore was she confined in such a frightful prison? The letter which she had promised would doubtless instruct me: It was therefore necessary to procure paper, pen and ink. I accordingly charged Boleslas with this employment, and began to prepare myself for acting the delicate part of an emissary of Pulaski in the presence of Dourlinski.

It was broad day-light when they came to set us at liberty, and inform us, that Dourlinski was at leisure and wished to see us. We accordingly presented ourselves before him with great confidence; and we were introduced to a man of about sixty years of age, whose reception was blunt, and whose manners were repulsive. He demanded who we were. "My brother and myself," replied I, "belong to Count Pulaski. My master has entrusted me with a secret commission to you. My brother accompanies me on another account. Before I explain, I must be in private, for I am charged not to speak but to you alone."

"It is very well," replies Dourlinski: "your brother may retire, and you also," addressing himself to his servants; "begone! As to him (pointing to a person who was his confidant), he must remain, and you may speak any thing before him."

"Pulaski has sent me,"———"I see very well that he has sent you," says the palatine, interrupting me———"to demand of you———"What?"———"news of his daughter."———"News of his daughter! Did Pulaski say so?"———"Yes my lord, he said that his daughter

was here."---I perceived that Dourlinski instantly grew pale; he then looked towards his confidant, and surveyed me for some time in silence.

"You astonish me," rejoins he at length. "In confiding a secret of this importance to you, it necessarily follows that your master must have been very imprudent."

"No more than you, my lord, for have not you also a confidant? Grandees would be much to be pitied if they could not rely upon any of their domestics. Pulaski has charged me to inform you, that Lovlinski has already searched through a great part of Poland, and that he will undoubtedly visit these cantons."

"If he dares to come here," replies he with great vivacity, "I will provide a lodging for him, which he shall inhabit for some time. Do you know this Lovlinski?"

"I have seen him at my master's house in Warsaw."---"They say he is handsome?"

"He is well made, and about my size."

"His person?---is prepossessing; it is-----"

"He is a wretch," adds he, interrupting me in a great passion.---"O that he were but to fall into my hands!"

"My lord, they say that he is brave---"

"He! I will wager any sum of money that he is only calculated to seduce women!---O that he would but fall into my hands!" Then, assuming a less ferocious tone, he continued thus. "It is a long time since Pulaski wrote to me---where is he at present?"

"My lord, I have perforce orders not to answer that question: all that I dare to say is, that he has the strongest reasons for neither discovering the place of his retreat, nor writing to any person, and that he will soon come and explain them to you in person."

Dourlinski appeared exceedingly astonished at this information; I could discover some symptoms of fear in his countenance. At length, looking at his confidant, who seemed equally embarrassed with himself, he proceeded: "You say that Pulaski will come here soon?"

---"Yes, my lord, in about a fortnight, or a little later." On this he again turned to his attendant; but in a short time affecting as much calmness as he had before discovered embarrassment; "Return to your master," added he; "I am sorry to have nothing but bad news to communicate to him---tell him that Lodoiska is no longer here." I myself became surprised in my turn at this information. "What! my lord, Lodoiska-----"

"Is not longer here, I tell you!---To oblige Pulaski, whom I esteem, I undertook, although with great repugnance, the task of confining his daughter in my castle: nobody but myself and he (pointing to his confidant) knew that she was here. It is about a month since we went, as usual, to carry her provisions for the day, but there was nobody in the apartment. I am ignorant how it happened; but what I know well is, that she has escaped, for I have heard nothing of her since.---She must undoubtedly have gone to join Lovlinski

at Warsaw, if perchance the Tartars have not intercepted her in her journey."

My astonishment on this became extreme. How could I reconcile that which I had seen in the garden, with that which Dourlinski now told me? There was some mystery in this business, which I became exceedingly impatient to be acquainted with: I was however extremely careful not to exhibit any appearance of doubt. "My lord," said I, "this is bad news for my master!"

---"Undoubtedly, but it is not my fault."

"My lord, I have a favour to ask of you."

"Let me hear it."---"The Tartars are ravaging the neighbourhood of your castle---they attacked us---we escaped as it were by a miracle. Will you permit my brother and myself to remain here only for the space of two days?"

"For two days only I give my consent."

"Where do they lodge?" says he to his attendant. "In an apartment below ground," was the reply.

"Which overlooks my gardens?" rejoins Dourlinski, interrupting him with great agitation.

"The shutters are well fastened," adds the other.

"No matter.---You must put them elsewhere." These words made me tremble.

"It is not possible, but,"---continues the confidant, and then whispered the rest of the sentence in his ear.

"Right," says the Baron; "and let it be done instantly." Then, addressing himself to me, know that your brother and you must depart the day after to-morrow: before you go, you shall see me again, and I will give you a letter for Pulaski."

I then went to rejoin Boleslas in the kitchen, where he was at breakfast, who soon after presented me with a little bottle full of ink, several pens, and some sheets of paper, which he had procured without difficulty. I panted with desire to write to Lodoiska; and the only difficulty that now remained, was to find a commodious place where I might not be discovered by the curiosity of Dourlinski's people.

They had already informed Boleslas that we could not again be admitted into the apartment where we had spent the preceding night, until the time should arrive when we were to retire to rest. I soon, however, bethought myself of a stratagem which succeeded to admiration.

The servants were drinking with my pretended brother, and politely invited me to help them to empty a few flasks.

I swallowed, with a good grace, several glasses of bad wine in succession: in a few minutes my legs seemed to totter, my tongue faltered: I related a hundred pleasant and improbable tales to the joyous company; in a word, I acted the *drunken man* so well, that Boleslas himself became a dupe to my scheme, and actually trembled lest, in a moment when I seemed disposed to communicate every thing, my secret should escape.

(To be continued.)

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

REMARKS ON MUSIC.

(Continued from page 108.)

THE sacred scriptures afford almost the only materials from which any knowledge of the Hebrew music can be drawn. In the rapid sketch, therefore of ancient music which I mean to exhibit, very few observations are all that can properly be given to that department of the subject.

Moses was educated by Pharaoh's daughter in all the literature and elegant arts cultivated in Egypt. It is probable, therefore, that the taste and style of Egyptian music would be infused in some degree into that of the Hebrews. Music appears to have been interwoven thro' the whole tissue of religious ceremony in Palestine. The priesthood seem to have been musicians hereditarily and by office. The prophets appear to have accompanied their inspired effusions with music; and every prophet like the present Improvisatori of Italy, seems to have been accompanied by a musical instrument.

Music, vocal and instrumental, constituted a great part of the funeral ceremonies of the Jews. The pomp and expence used on those occasions advanced by degrees to an excessive extent. The number of flute-players in the procession amounted sometimes to several hundreds, and the attendance of the guests continued frequently for thirty days.

The Hebrew language abounds with consonants, and has so few vowels, that in the original alphabet they had no characters, it must, therefore, have been harsh and unfavourable to music. Their instruments of music were chiefly those of percussion, so that the music must have been coarse and noisy: The vast numbers of performers too, whom it was the taste of the Hebrews to collect together, could not with such language and instruments produce any thing but clamour and jargon. According to Josephus, there were 200,000 musicians at the dedication of the temple of Solomon.

The history of King David furnishes us with very striking proofs of his attachment to music. Saul being troubled in his mind, and melancholy, was advised to apply to music as a remedy for his disorder: "David took his harp, and played tunes of sweet melody, and Saul was comforted."

The Psalms of David, which glow with ardour of genius, of an elevation of the most becoming sentiments, were, it is more than probable, set to the most sublime and expressive music, such was the attachment of the Hebrews to this art, and such was the proficiency they made in it; and when they were in captivity in Babylon, they regretted the loss of those songs which they had sung with rapture in the temple of Jerusalem. Such are the circumstances from which only an idea of the Hebrew music can be formed, for the Jews neither ancient nor modern have ever had any characters peculiar to music; and the melodies used in their religious ceremonies have at all times been entirely traditional.

A. O.

(To be continued.)

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE RENCONTRE.

"Shame! where is thy blush?"

HOW degrading to human nature! Worse than the brute is he who endeavours to draw another into a contest!

An instance occurred a few days since of a battle between two persons, who (as I withhold their real names) I shall distinguish by the titles of Willet and Martin. Willet had long been a visitor at the house of the other, for what purpose I know not; but be it what it may, his intentions, no doubt, were honourable. Martin has an amiable sister, and report says, the heart of Willet has been smitten by her charms; and when time permitted, and she consented, he intended to have made her his bride.

His visits, it seems, were not very pleasing to the brother of the young lady, who took an opportunity of loading him with a series of epithets consisting of "mean, low," &c. &c. To these Willet scarcely designed a reply. When Martin found the object of his malice removed by his vile insinuations, he challenged him to fight. He was forced to comply, though much against his inclination, and both quitting the house, he found himself instantly attacked in the open street, where a scene ensued that would have made the unprincipled savage, were he present, blush with indignation.

In short, the challenger was worsted; he was not a match for his antagonist, though he had the better of him in years. His mother and sister saw the conflict from a window, and endeavoured to restore him to reason, but without effect; he was quite transported with excess of passion.

Martin was the aggressor, and his punishment was just. When he became sensible that he had suffered sufficiently, he was conveyed home, without enjoying the pleasure of beholding that bright luminary, the sun, the cuffs he had received having entirely closed up the organs of sight; to all appearance, a few more would have made him an inhabitant of the world of spirits; but by a lucky turn of the wheel of fortune, they were restrained.

THEODORE.

New-York, Oct. 12, 1796.

FRAGMENTS OF EPICHRMUS.

MORAL MAXIMS.

BE sober in thought; be slow in belief; these are the sinews of wisdom.

It is the part of a wise man to foresee what is to be done, so shall he not repent of what is done.

Throw not away thine anger upon trifles—Reason and not rage should govern.

AN ANTITHESIS.

IT demands the strength of a lion to subdue the weakness of love.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CAI'A.
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.
Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 119)

"THE human soul, of course, is already, in this life, connected with the members of the invisible world, and this connection is lasting and essential, while that with the body is accidental and transient. However a union of substances, that is, of active natures, cannot be supposed to exist without a reciprocal influence; consequently the human soul must have an effective influence upon the spirits to whom she is linked, and the members of the spiritual world must act reciprocally on our soul. But why are we not equally sensible of these reciprocal influences and communications, as of those which subsist between our soul and body? The cause of this is very obvious. The human spirit can have a clear idea only of the objects of the material world, because of its corporeal organ; it is, therefore, not even capable of a clear immediate contemplation of its own self, much less of its immaterial relations to other spirits: the difference which exists between those ideas which arise in our soul by means of its immateriality, and its communion with spiritual beings, and the ideas which it receives by the medium of the body, or abstracted from material objects, is so essential, that the ideas of the former kind cannot come in connection with those of the latter; for which reason we have either no notion at all of them, or, at most, a very obscure one; however, we become plainly conscious of them as soon as the union of the soul and its corporeal organ ceases."

"This, Hiermanfor, seems, in some measure to be the case when we are sleeping, and the sensitive organs are resting from their occupations. Should therefore those philosophers of antiquity, who have believed that in our dreams we are capable of being influenced by superior beings, and of receiving supernatural inspirations, be mistaken?"

"There is, certainly, some truth in this remark. I must, however, observe, that we do not possess that capacity when dreaming, but when we are fast asleep. It is commonly thought that we have only obscure notions in the latter state, and this opinion arises from our not recollecting them when we awake; however, on what ground can we conclude therefrom that they have not been clear while we were sleeping? Such ideas, perhaps, may be clearer and more extensive, than even the most perspicuous when we are awake, because the activity of our soul is neither modified nor confined by any thing whatever, the sensitive organs being intirely at rest. However this very rest of our sensitive organs, is the cause which prevents the reproduction of these ideas when we are awake, our sleeping body having no share in them, and, consequently, being destitute of its concomitant notion of them; they, of course, remain insulated in our soul, having

no connection at all with those ideas which arise within ourselves before and after we are fast asleep, and in which our body takes a greater or a smaller share. This is not the case with our dreams; for when we are dreaming, the faculties of the soul do not act so pure and uncontrouled as when we are fast asleep. Dreaming is an intermediate state between waking and sleeping. We have then already, in some measure, clear ideas, and interweave the actions of our soul with the impressions of our exterior senses, whereby a strange, and sometimes ridiculous mixture is engendered, which we partly recollect when we awake."

"You have, as yet, proved only the probability of clear notions during our being fast asleep; could you not also prove their reality?"

"Certainly! however these arguments do not belong to the theoretical part of our philosophy. Yet I must beg of you to recollect, en passant, the actions of some noctambulos, who sometimes, during the profoundest sleep, shew more understanding than at any other time, but cannot recollect those actions when awake?"

"This is true!" I exclaimed, "this throws an astonishing light upon this matter."

"Yet not only while asleep," the Irishman continued, "but also when awake, many people can be capable of having a clear notion of their connection with the spiritual world, and the influence of spirits upon them. Yet the essential difference which exists between the notions of spirits and those of men is a great impediment, which, however, is not at all insurmountable. It is true than man cannot have an immediate notion of those spiritual ideas, because of the co-operation of his corporeal organs; however they can, in virtue of the law of the association of ideas, produce in the human mind those images which are related to them and consequently procreate analogical representations of our senses, which, although they be not the spiritual actions themselves, yet are their symbols."

"I perceive what you are aiming at."

"Examples will render the matter more intelligible to you. Experience teaches that our superior intellectual notions, which are near akin to the spiritual ideas, commonly assume a bodily garb, in order to render themselves perspicuous. Thence the poet trans-forms wisdom into the Goddess Minerva, the stings of conscience into furies, and personifies virtues and vices; the mathematician describes time by a line, and is there any philosopher who always forms an idea even of the Godhead, without intermixing human qualities? In that manner ideas, which have been imparted to us by spiritual influence, may dress themselves in the symbols of that language which is common to us, and the presence of a spirit which we perceive, assume the image of a human shape—witness the late apparition of your tutor.—Thus the theory of all supernatural inspirations and visions is ascertained; consequently the apparitions of spirits have that in common with our dreams, that they represent to us effects which are produced within ourselves, as if happening without

"ourselves; however, at the same time, they differ from them with respect to their being really founded upon an effect from *without*, a spiritual influence. However this influence cannot reveal itself to our consciousness immediately, but only by means of associated images of our fancy, which attain the vivacity of objects really perceived. You see, therefore, what an essential difference there is between the phantoms of our dreams, and the apparitions of spirits. But here is the boundary of theory. The criterion whereby apparitions of spirits, in every particular case, can be distinguished with certainty, from vain phantoms, and supernatural inspirations from natural ideas, and the means of effecting apparitions, and of obtaining assistance and instructions from spiritual beings; these and several more things belong to the practical part of the occult philosophy.

"Here, my Lord, I must conclude for the present, and drop the curtain. Stress of time obliges me to abbreviate my discourse on a subject which would not be exhausted in many days; however I may safely leave to your own understanding the finishing and enlargement of this sketch. Suffice it that I have enabled you to comprehend the apparition of your friend, and to see that reason does not pronounce judgment against subjects of this nature, but rather is the only mean which affords us light and certainty with respect to them. The theory which I have given you may, at the same time, serve you to judge whether it will be worth your trouble to be initiated in the mysteries of the practical part of this philosophy. However, I must tell you, that no mortal who has not sanctified himself by bridling his sensitive nature, and purifying his spiritual faculties, can be admitted to that sanctuary. Are you resolved to do this?"

"I am, put me to the test!"

"Then depart with the first dawn of day for Ma**id, without taking leave of the Countess."

The Irishman could not have chosen a severer trial, nor demanded a greater sacrifice. The combat which I had to fight with my heart, before I could come to a resolution, was short but dreadful.---I promised the Irishman to execute his will.

"Well!" said he, "then hear what measures you are to take. As soon as you shall be arrived at Ma**id, you must, without delay, wait upon the Prime Minister, Oliv**ez, and the Secretary of State Suma**ez, but take care not to discover your political views to either of them; pretend that you intend to stay some time at Ma**id merely for the sake of amusement. Repeat your visits till you have gained their confidence. Your winning demeanor, my Lord, and your intimate connection with Vascon**ellos will render this conquest easy.---Farewell, at Ma**id we shall meet again!"

We parted. The Irishman returned once more. "Your manner of life while at Ma**id," said he, "will require great expences, and you must be well provided with money. I have taken care that you shall be well supplied with that needful article. You will find in your apartment a sum which you may dispose of at pleasure." So saying, he left me suddenly.

On coming home, I found on my table two bags with money, each of them containing a thousand ducats. Pietro told me they had been brought by a servant of the Irish Captain.

No one will doubt that I was now entirely devoted to the Irishman. By his discourse at the burying place he had *persuaded*, and by his liberality *convinced* me, that I could not do better than to let myself be guided entirely by him; and as I at first had been determined to this by the conquering superiority of his soul, so I was now confirmed in it by the applause of my reason. Nay, if the Irishman should now have offered to break off all connection with me, I should have courted his friendship, so much had I been charmed by the profound wisdom of his discourse. Not the least vestige of mistrust against his secret power was left in my soul, and the very regard for philosophy which but lately had prejudiced me against him, was now one of the strongest bonds that chained me to him. How agreeably was I surprised to find in *Reason* herself, whom I formerly had thought to be the principal adversary of the belief in miracles, the most convincing arguments for the same, and to have been conquered with the same weapons which I had been fighting with against the Irishman, without having the least reason to reproach him with having had recourse to any stratagem whatever. The frankness and strength of argument which distinguished every step of his philosophical instruction, were to me the most unexceptionable security for the justness of the result. If he had delivered his arguments in a flowery and mysterious language, supported by the charms of declamation, then I should certainly have suspected them; however he had made use of the cool, simple, and clear language of reason, divested of all sophistical artifices; started from principles which are generally received, drew no conclusions to which he was not entitled by his premises, combatted errors and prejudices upon which he could have founded surreptitious conclusions; nay, it appeared as if he, unmindful of what he was to prove, had left it entirely to the course of his impartial inquiry whither it would lead him, and I beheld myself, with astonishment, on the conclusion of it, at the mark from which the road we had taken threatened to lead us astray.

I cannot describe the wonderful bold ideas which the instructions I had received produced in my mind, nor the awfully agreeable sensations which those ideas were accompanied with. The rising sun surprised me in that indescribable state of mind, and reminded me by his rays, that it was time to set off.

(To be continued.)

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ARABIAN MAXIMS.

THE car of Hope is always escorted by Want.

Consider the man that flatters you as an enemy.

If there were none but wise men in the world it would soon be desert.

Would you censure others? Examine your own conduct first.

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For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

METAMORPHOSIS OF CHARACTERS.

HOW much is man the creature of incidents!—The solitary student becomes a Hypochondriac, a Misanthropist; the world seems to him a prison, and its inhabitants a parcel of rogues and vagabonds; he no longer views mankind with complacency, with a fellow feeling for their infirmities and pity for their misfortunes, but considers them with the severity of a Censor.—But let him emerge from his closet, let him enter into the concerns of life and undergo the salutary agitation of gentle exercise, while he beholds his neighbours industriously and cheerfully employed, and he becomes quite another man. If we now penetrate his mind we find him no longer disturbed by imaginary evils, or vexed with supposed injuries. He begins to view mankind as his brethren, and fellow travellers; and feels a disposition to assist the weary, and to recall the wanderer to the right path, with a friendly commiseration for his errors. Scrupulous was once a crabbed, morose sceptic; he would believe nothing but what had undergone the ordeal of his own reason, nor trust any man farther than he could see him.—Necessity drove him into the busy world, and a concurrence of events, placed him in the matrimonial state.—He now finds fewer difficulties, than formerly, to encounter; and perceives that his self-sufficiency, and conceit had involved many things in an impenetrable mist.—Connections multiply, and a smiling progeny surrounds him.—Scrupulous, is no longer a cavilling sceptic—he is a christian.

What a change is this! what a metamorphosis of characters! Neither is it the fiction of imagination, but the delineation of what daily occurs in real life.—The traveller is quite a different being from the sedentary man, because he is active, and constantly excited by a variety of objects.

Our ideas of the Almighty, are not less influenced by the circumstances which surround us. Behold the torpid monk, seeking the favour of a God of vengeance, by the rigours of an austere life. On the other hand, see the cheerful friend of man, addressing the father of his fellow-creatures, with a heart full of love and gratitude, and a lively hope of his favour and protection. Such, then, is the penalty imposed on immoderate study, and thus the solitary pursuit of knowledge, when excessive, will entirely frustrate our expectations, and destroy the health of both body and mind.

VIATOR.

MORAL MAXIMS.

MANKIND are more indebted to industry than ingenuity: the gods set up their favours at a price, and industry is the purchaser.

A man without merit may live without envy; but who would wish to escape on these terms?

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening last by the Rev. Bishop Provost, Captain JOHN SANDERS, of Exeter, (England) to the amiable Miss CATHERINE LIVINGSTON, of this city.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 9th to the 15th inst.

On	Thermometer observed at		Prevailing winds.		OBSERVATIONS on the weather.	
	6, A. M.	3, P. M.	6.	3	6.	3.
9	deg. 100	deg. 100.				
10	43	55	ne.	s.	clear, light wind	do. d.
11	37	51	ne.	do.	clear, lht. wd. cloudy	do.
12	48	55	ne.	se.	cloudy lt. wd.	do. do.
13	46	58	n.	ne.	clear light wd.	cloudy do.
14	55	66	ne.	se.	foggy light wind	calm do.
15	55	70	w.	s.	cloudy light wind	clear calm
	53	61	n	s.	foggy calm	clear light wind

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LA FAYETTE—A SONG.

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD, ESQ. LATE ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

AS beside his cheerful fire,
Midst his happy family,
Sat a venerable sire,
Tears were starting in his eye;
Selfish blessings were forgot
Whilst he thought on Fayette's lot,
Once so happy on our plains,
Now in poverty and chains.

Fayette (cried he) honoured name,
Dear to these far distant shores:
Fayette, fired by Freedom's flame,
Bled to make that freedom ours;
What, alas! for thee remains,
What, but poverty and chains!

Soldiers, in the field of death,
Was not Fayette foremost there?
Cold and shivering on the heath,
Did you not his bounty share?
What for this your friend remains,
What, but poverty and chains!

Born to honours, ease, and wealth,
See him sacrifice them all,
Sacrificing even health,
At his country's glorious call.
What reward for this remains,
What, but poverty and chains!

Hapless Fayette! 'midst thy error,
How my soul thy worth reveres!
Son of Freedom, tyrant's terror,
Hero of both hemispheres.
What, alas! for thee remains,
What, but poverty and chains!

Thus with laurels on his brow,
Belisarius begged for bread;
Thus, from Carthage forced to go,
Hannibal an exile fled:

Fayette thus, at once sustains,
Exile, poverty, and chains!

Courage, child of Washington,
Though thy fate disastrous seems,
We have seen the setting sun
Rise and shine with brighter beams;
Thy country soon shall break thy chain,
And take thee to her arms again.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

WHEN the Author of the following Elegy finds it is committed to print, he will not, I am persuaded, be offended, after I remind him of the conversation we had some time since:—And also when he reflects on the injury he does the Public, by keeping any of his productions from their view.

ELEGY

ADDRESSED TO THE CALLIOPEAN SOCIETY, ON THE DEATH OF DOCTOR JOSEPH YOUNG.

WITHIN these walls let awful stillness reign;
Sorrow, thy louder extacies restrain;
Each sound that on the solemn scene would break
Be hush'd—let Silence more emphatic speak,
E'en thou, upon thy pensive lyre reclin'd,
(Dark cypress with thy drooping laurel twin'd.)
Our guardian Muse! let not a trembling note
Through the still air in plaintive sweetness float;
Save when Affliction's deep collected sigh
Low breathing in symphonious melody,
With faint vibrations agitates the chords,
While Friendship's mourning voice our loss records.

On the cold couch of death our brother sleeps;—
Chill o'er his grave the gale of midnight sweeps.

Oh, Death! if 'tis thy glory to destroy
The fairest opening bud of human joy;
If 'tis thy boast severely to display
And wide diffuse the terrors of thy sway,
High o'er this grave thy proudest trophy rear,
And tell with exultation *who lies here*.

Ye whom *Philanthropy* benignant guides,
Ye in whose hearts fair *Piety* presides,
Children of genius, friends of *Science*, come,
With silent step approach the hallow'd tomb.—
He was your brother—generous was his mind,
Warm with benevolence to all mankind.
Gently to raise affliction's drooping head,
To comfort sickness on the lonely bed,
To lead the ignorant in virtue's way,
On the dark mind to pour instruction's ray,
The paths of science to extend and smooth,
And wide diffuse the genial light of truth;
These were his objects, these his noble pride;
For these he labour'd, and for these he died.

And ye whose virtuous efforts here combine
To cultivate those faculties divine,
Friendship and *Science* breathe a deeper sigh—
He was your brother by a dearer tie:
With you he trod the same delightful road;
For you his heart with love peculiar glow'd.
Can you forget how many social hours
Derived new joys from his instructive pow'rs?
Can you upon these scenes look back unmoved,
Scenes, where, so oft, delighted and improv'd,
Attention fondly on his accents dwelt,
And every breast the warmth of friendship felt;
While Fancy, led by Hope, the theme pursu'd,
And future prospects more delightful view'd?
Fancy! where now are thy illusive dreams?
Where, Hope! thy visions bright with golden gleams?
Friendship, thy prospects?—Fame, thy laureate wreath?
All past—all faded in the shades of Death.

'Tis past—the sigh is breath'd, the tear is shed,
The last sad tribute to a brother dead—
Our loss commands—receives the mournful strain:
Let sounds of triumph celebrate his gain:
The Spirit, starting from its bonds of clay,
Traces with Angel guides the lucid way;
Exalted notes from harps celestial rise,
And kindred spirits hail him to the skies.
Here, Earth's embarrassments no more controul
The great exertions of the active soul:—
By weak humanity no more confin'd,
Enlarg'd, enlarging still, his opening mind;
With strength increasing through creation fears,
Infinite space, eternal times explores;
More nearly contemplates the great *First Cause*,
More clearly comprehends his sacred laws;
With *Newton* darts among the Worlds of light,
Systems on systems blazing on his sight;
With *Franklin*, mitigates the whirlwind's force,
Averts the lightning's flash, and turns the thunder's course;
Or joins with extacy the holy throng
Who to Jehovah's throne exalt the song,
Shout the loud victory o'er the bounds of earth,
And joyful celebrate their heavenly birth.

Is this a subject for the plaints of woe?
Can friendship here the tear of grief bestow?
No—elevated by the glorious theme,
We hope, ere long, to die—to rise, like him,
To join with transport his celestial flight,
Again to meet him in those realms of light
Where widow'd friendship ceases to deplore,
Affection feels the parting pang no more,
Hush'd is the sigh of grief—the groan of pain,
And Virtue dwells with Joy in everlasting reign.

A LADY having received a Bouquet from a Boy, sent him the following Verses.

NEXT your dear image in my breast,
Your fancied flowers I fondly plac'd,
But mourn my adverse fate,
Who by compulsive atoms hurl'd,
Was forc'd so soon into this world,
Where you arrived too late.

The ANSWER, by a Friend of the Boy.

PERMIT me, dear madam, to tell you you've err'd
In this hardy censure on Fate,
Which though my arrival it somewhat deferr'd,
By no means has sent me too late.
Here Providence wisely has acted its part,
Well knowing, or I'm much mistaken,
That Woman, however she may have the start,
Would willingly be overtaken.

EPITAPH ON MR. W— N—.

POOR N— beneath this stone
A quiet nap is taking,
His wife requests you may not moan,
For fear of his awaking.

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